

The TATLER

Vol. CLXXVIII. No. 2318

and BYSTANDER

London
November 28, 1945



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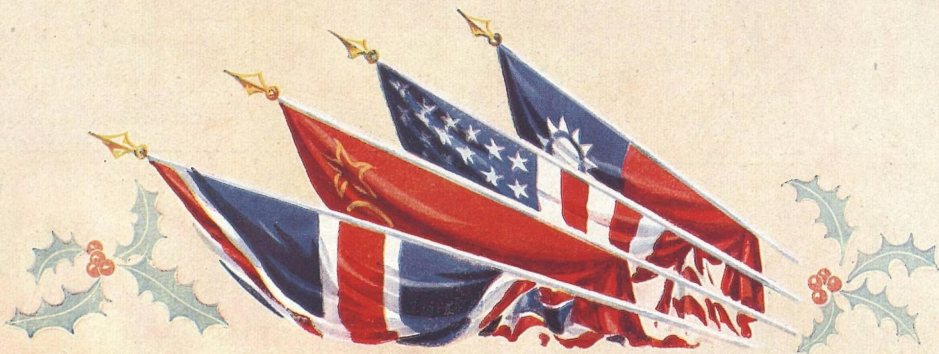
Victory Christmas

Although, on this first Christmas following complete Victory, our tables may not be replete with the viands that loaded the festive boards of former years, there are still good things to go round.

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Harlip

A Bride Of This Year: Lady Roderic Pratt

Lady Roderic Pratt is the wife of Lord Roderic Pratt, the Life Guards, younger son of the late Marquess Camden and brother of the present holder of the title. She is the eldest daughter of Captain the Hon. Valentine Wyndham-Quin and was married last January at St. Margaret's, Westminster. During the war she worked as a V.A.D. The engagement of her sister, Miss Marjorie Olein (Mollie) Wyndham-Quin to Capt. the Hon. Robert Cecil, Grenadier Guards, son of Viscount and Viscountess Cranborne, was recently announced. The Wyndham-Quin girls are first cousins once removed of the Duchess of Gloucester, as their grandmother, Lady Beatrice Pretyman, is a sister of Margaret, Duchess of Buccleuch



The Royal Visit to Cardiff

H.M. the Queen talked to the corporal in charge of the goat mascot of the Welch Regiment on the arrival of their majesties at Cardiff. The Guard of Honour composed of representatives from the Royal Navy, the R.A.F. and the Welch Regiment, was inspected by H.M. the King



The Princesses Visit the Theatre

Princess Elizabeth, with Princess Margaret Rose, saw Noel Coward's "Private Lives" at the Apollo. They had a party of seven friends with them. A week before Princess Elizabeth had paid her first visit to any theatre unaccompanied by her parents

Simon Harcourt-Smith

PORTRAITS IN PRINT

Agricultural Glamour

IN this age of numbing greys, farming is almost the only profession that refuses to give up colour. A few evenings ago I was walking down a country lane, past occasional drab little houses, encountering an occasional pair of lovers in nice safe black. Suddenly a vivid blue, an almost sentimental pink flashed through the dusk. It was a piece of agricultural machinery, all levers and ratchets, some sort of harrow it seemed, newly mint from the makers. It is nice to think that on the land at least machinery cannot wear its ordinary drab livery. Custom decrees a tender pink for threshing machines and reapers-and-binders, generally a blue for chain harrows, green with touches of scarlet for ploughs. Long may the convention last.

There is for me something magical about machines on a farm, or rather there was when I was a child. The tractor is a smelly and prosaic animal. But when ploughing and threshing was done by steam—ah! That was something.

The Steam-plough's Music

TWO steam engines with names like Caractacus and Boadicea, or Hengist and Horsa, pulled the plough to and fro between them on a wire cable. First one pulled and the other passively allowed the cable to unwind from an enormous drum. Then both engines advanced the width of a furrow along the opposite edges of the field, and then their roles were reversed. Coming down off the Downs from some rattling foray with my spaniels, I would hear the deep music of the un-winding cable echo through the valley. The nearest, most embarrassing approach to it is the angelic choirs that decorate all Hollywood films when the hero dies or thinks of his mother.

Threshing

AND the throaty chant of the threshing machine. With the invention of "Combines"—those useful but horribly undramatic contraptions that cut and thresh a crop at the same time—one of the most dramatic rituals in all farming will be lost to us. It is a pretty enough sight to see Chinese farmers and children manually threshing the corn on an immaculate threshing-floor; but nothing equalled the excitement with which a small heart was filled when the buzzing litany of the threshing machine floated up from the ricks at our gates. The sound had the inevitable inconsequential ebb and flow of the sea. As one hurried down the drive, it would seem for a moment to die away entirely; heart in mouth one feared one was too late. Then up it sprang again, and soon one was in an enchantment of flapping power-belts and hot oil, and chaff and lurches romantically hidden in spotted handkerchiefs. As we shouted above the din, the rick sank lower and lower. When it was not more than three or four feet high, we would take our places round it, armed with stout sticks. The tension would grow insupportable. Were we to be disappointed? Then, just as one was giving up hope, a multitude of rats suddenly burst from their dwindling home. There would ensue a fierce and useful half an hour.

Darius Milhaud

DARIUS MILHAUD, the distinguished French composer, also feels the fascination of the agricultural contrivance. He once wrote a cycle of ravishing little songs called "Machines Agricoles." He took a catalogue of farming machinery and just set it to music. The names of the implements are particularly romantic in French. "La Moissonneuse Espigadora," "La Faucheuse," "La Lieuse," "La Déchaumeeuse-Semeuse-Enfouisseuse," "La Fouilleuse-draineuse" are some of them. They are among the repertory of that



"I hear Gladstone's no longer Prime Minister"

delightful, most accomplished singer Miss Sophie Weiss, whom I look forward to meeting at lunch tomorrow. Nobody, I think, in England sings modern French songs with more style, feeling and wit than she. And her understanding of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century music is no less remarkable. Somewhere in store I have a record of her singing a Christmas song—whether from Provence or French Canada, I can't to my shame remember, which in its few simple lines contains the very quintessence of Louis XIV's fantastic world.

Railway Agonies

ON Saturday I went down to stay on the borders of Kent and Sussex. The journey was supposed to take just one hour. At the end of that hour we were half way to my destination. Then we were stuck for another three-quarters of an hour in a particularly repellent junction, all because the engine of a train ahead of us had broken a piston. Returning to my own part of the country on Monday afternoon, a mere half-hour from Waterloo, my train was just one hour late.

From everywhere comes the same story. This column is no place to talk politics, but I must say I am irritated by the railway companies' protestations of efficiency and proclamations of the vast debt we all owe them.

Hudson

INCIDENTALLY the Dendy Marshall "Railway" collection sold at Sotheby's last week evoked that fantastic time of speculation in the forties of the last century, when gangs of Irish navvies disturbed the quiet and the girls of the countryside, as the iron tracks were driven through drowsy pastures, and some half a dozen different lines competed for the privilege of passing through the unlovely town of Swindon. Particularly did the sale put me in mind of that bizarre figure George Hudson (1800-71), the "railway king." At the height of his success everybody courted him. The news of his election to Parliament just one hundred years ago was held to be so important, it was rushed from Sunderland to London—the telegraph, of course, was not yet current—in a train that at times touched 75 m.p.h. (Incidentally

*"A good traveller is something
at the latter end of a dinner."*

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

train speeds have increased but little in the century of railway travel. After the opening of the P.L.M. railway in the fifties, Napoleon III's special train travelled from Lyon to Paris at an average speed of over 65 m.p.h.)

But to return to Hudson. He was universally acclaimed, made Deputy-Lieutenant of County Durham, and presented with £20,000 (as if he were not rich enough already) as a tribute to his work for humanity. Then came the Eastern Railway scandals, the ruin of his fortunes in 1851, and those who once had fawned upon him turned to rend. Thomas Carlyle, as we can well imagine, was in the forefront of the pack that barked and snarled after him. Christian charity was never a very evident quality of Mr. Carlyle's character. "The big, swollen gambler" he called him; but Hudson was fired by an honest faith in his schemes. Unlike many other fallen financiers he begged himself to promote his dreams; the last years of his life he lived on a modest annuity furnished by his friends.

Frith's "Railway Station"

THERE is, for me, something infinitely romantic about the Early Victorian railways, the beauty of the Queen's own saloon-carriage, with its cut-glass and its tinted mirrors, the bridges slit to accommodate the absurdly tall smoke-stacks. I like, too, the idea of putting your family coach on to a goods wagon, and travelling up to London perched high in state, with your carriage horses in a loose-box behind you. All the magic of the Victorian railway station is contained in Frith's vulgar but immortal canvas of Paddington Station. He got £4,500 for it in 1862; when it was exhibited 21,150 people paid to see it in seven weeks. At Sotheby's the other day it was knocked down almost unnoticed for £250.

It is infused with Frith's bustling competent vitality—a vitality that seems at times to possess something not far removed from great talent. All the characters and objects in it were laboriously painted from life, for Frith was above all a reporter among painters. For instance, the foreigner paying off a cab in the picture was a refugee nobleman whose head was wanted in Venice (presumably by the Austrian authorities) and who taught Italian to the young Miss Friths.

The Architecture of Stations

IT is always a mystery to me why our great grandparents should have used for dirty railway stations Paxton's great invention of the glass building on an iron frame. What could be less suitable for a world of steam and smuts? The history of certain great termini is really rather bizarre. Take St. Pancras, for instance. Lord Aberdeen, when Foreign Secretary, commissioned Gilbert Scott to design a new Foreign Office. He designed, of course, a Gothic fantasy. The Government changed meanwhile, and the Gothic design was in no way to the taste of the Corinthian Lord Palmerston. He forced poor Scott to design the present rather endearing Renaissance edifice. The discarded Gothicism, however, was not wasted. Tradition holds it was used for the new station called St. Pancras.

Frith's Fortune

FRITH, of course, made a fortune at a time when painters were paid more than they ever have been paid, before or since. Cynically he would turn out his pictures as fast as he could. They were immediately snapped up for thousands. Barriers had to be put round them at exhibitions against the adoring crowds. If prices and attendances at exhibitions are any criterions, the Victorians were a highly "artistic" generation. But Frith would always say, if other people knew as much about the art racket as he did, they would never buy a picture.



H.M. The Queen and the Princesses at the Royal Albert Hall

H.M. the Queen with Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose attended the concert in aid of the Toc H, which was arranged by Dr. Malcolm Sargent. The Queen, carrying a lovely bouquet, was photographed with the two Princesses on their way in to the concert



Princess Elizabeth a Godmother at Sussex Christening

Princess Elizabeth was godmother to the infant son of Lt.-Cdr. the Hon. George Hardinge, R.N., and Mrs. Hardinge, who was christened Julian Alexander at Flimwell, Sussex, recently. The group photographed after the christening includes Viscountess Milner, H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth, Lord and Lady Hardinge of Penshurst, Lt.-Col. and the Hon. Mrs. Balfour, Viscount Goschen, Lt.-Cdr. the Hon. George Hardinge, R.N., and Mrs. Hardinge with Julian Alexander



WITH James Agat

What Is The Screen For?

THE Skibbereen Eagle, it will be remembered, had its eye on the Tsar of all the Russias, though whether His Imperial Majesty returned the compliment is open to doubt. *The Tatler* has had its eye on Charles Laughton for some time and it begins to look as though that fine actor has been cocking an eye at *The Tatler*. It has been held in this column that Laughton was not doing himself or his art justice in throwing both away on comic butlers, senile grandpas, and drooling ghosts. The view the writer has taken is that Laughton, when he left the stage, was a first-class character actor, and that when he adopted the screen as his medium he added to his genius for character a talent for melodrama. His Captain Bligh was magnificent and unforgettable. Never mind the faults

of that film, the lagoons filled with Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies masquerading as bathing belles, and all the rest of the non-realism. Laughton made Bligh a grotesque and frightening figure. He does the same for Captain Kidd.

AND now here is something that I offer for the consideration of our highbrows. Something culled from a writer now, alas, going out of fashion, largely, perhaps, because of the contempt he poured upon the intellectuals of his day, calling them persons "depressed by exceptionally æsthetic surroundings." The writer is Robert Louis Stevenson. He begins by telling his readers that drama is the poetry of conduct, romance the poetry of circumstance.

There is a vast deal in life and letters both which is not immoral, but simply non-moral; which either does not regard the human will at all, or deals with it in obvious and healthy relations; where the interest turns, not upon what a man shall choose to do, but on how he manages to do it; not on the passionate slips and hesitations of the conscience, but on the problems of the body and of the practical intelligence, in clean, open-air adventure, the shock of arms or the diplomacy of life. With such material as this it is impossible to build a play, for the

serious theatre exists solely on moral grounds, and is a standing proof of the dissemination of the human conscience. But it is possible to build, upon this ground, the most joyous of verses, and the most lively, beautiful, and buoyant tales.

And, I suggest, the best kind of film. Not for Stevenson that cinematic use of the camera whereby a young woman firmly crossing her ankles obviously means that she is abjuring marriage. Or some brawny wench, spitting on her large and sinewy hands, indicates that Polly Parsnip has taken the measure of the village blacksmith and is about to deal with him "according."

CAN it be doubted that if Stevenson had written for the screen his pictures would have dealt with ships and shipwrecks, bullyings and mutinies, pirates and the ends of planks and ropes? Or that his dialogue would have teemed with allusions to long-boats and jolly-boats. *Treasure Island* and *The Wreckers* are magnificent boys' books, and I think that Stevenson's films would have been boys' films.

Further, I feel that Stevenson would have wanted all films to be boys' films. Certainly, *Captain Kidd* (London Pavilion) is first-rate entertainment for fourteen-year-olds, full of the



H.M. Queen Mary, attended by Lady Cynthia Colville, talked to Mr. Herbert Morrison, Lord President of the Council and Leader of the House, and his daughter, Mrs. Williams. The premiere was in aid of the British Hospital for Mothers and Children

Film Première Of

And Some Of The Well-Known

Photographs



Lady Anherst of Hackney sat next to Mr. Garnett Orme. Lady Anherst, who is the wife of Lord Anherst of Hackney, is the daughter of Brig.-Gen. Howard Clifton Brown

AT THE PICTURES

hurly-burly of the pirate seas in the days of William and Mary. (That the story is not easily disentangled rather adds to the charm.) Laughton is grand throughout; he shows again one of the first qualities of the great actor, whether of stage or screen—that power of compulsion which makes it impossible for you to take your eyes off him. And now I permit myself to make Hollywood a suggestion. This is that it should go to the nearest book-shop—are there book-shops in Hollywood?—dig up a copy of *Jonathan Wild* by that good scenario writer, Henry Fielding, and present our Charles as that Truly Great Man.

THERE is nothing for fourteen-year-olds in Noel Coward's *Brief Encounter* (New Gallery). The story concerns a woman with a husband and two children who falls in love with a married doctor. "What happens to Laura and Alec might so easily happen to you or me," says Synopsis. (But isn't the function of the screen to show what can't happen to you and me?) Synopsis goes on to remark that this "makes screen entertainment which is unusually arresting and full of drama and suspense." I wonder! Alec persuades Laura to meet him in a flat which is borrowed from a friend and then—I am still quoting Synopsis—"the unexpected return of the friend pre-

vents anything worse than a humiliating flight for Laura." Worse? *Worse?* But surely this is the world of what a man or woman should choose to do. The world of the hesitating conscience. The world in which some things are moral and others immoral. The world for and by which Stevenson held that the theatre existed. I believe that if R.L.S. had been present at the New Gallery on Wednesday morning last, he would have protested that what he saw was theatre rather than film, and psychological novel rather than theatre. I have an inkling that Noel himself felt something of this, for if not why that very nearly full-length performance of the Rachmaninoff C minor piano concerto which pounds and drones and rattles in the background whenever the tedium becomes unbearable? Brilliant though Celia Johnson's performance is, this film without that music would just collapse. Let Mr. C. think on the frightful example he has set. Given the score of *Tristan*, the L.P.O., Beecham conducting, and an actress of C.J.'s ability, I know half a dozen Fleet Street hacks who could turn out a *Chance Meeting* which would be every bit as good as *Brief Encounter*.

And Mr. C. is not a hack. He is very nearly a man of genius, and a man of near-genius should have done better.



The Wicked Lady and her Highwayman Lover

● In *The Wicked Lady* Margaret Lockwood reaches the peak of all evil as Lady Skelton. She steals her cousin's fiancé, and marries him. Then secretly she turns highwayman and has an affair with notorious Captain Jerry Jackson (James Mason). It is only after more crimes of murder and robbery that she comes to an untimely end

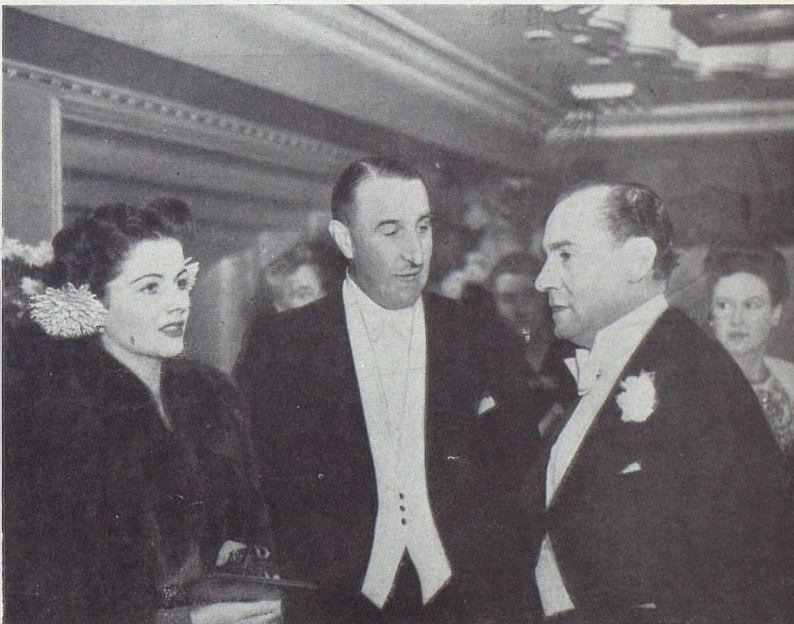
"The Wicked Lady"

Personalities Who Were There

by Swaabe



Lord and Lady Rothermere were at the film premiere together. Lady Rothermere was formerly married to the late Lord O'Neill, who was killed in action in 1944



Margaret Lockwood, who takes the part of the wicked Lady Skelton herself in "The Wicked Lady," was in the foyer with Mr. Arthur Rank, the film magnate, and Leslie Arliss, who directed the film and also wrote the screen play for it

Sketches by
Tom Titt



Andromache, widow of Hector, fearing what is to become of her son Astyanax, cries out in anger and despair against the Greeks, of the disasters that have befallen her (Eileen Herlie, Malcolm Sommers)



Helen, the cause and root of all the sufferings of Troy, finds that her wiles and cajoleries still have a disturbing effect on her deserted husband, Menelaus (Kathleen Kent, Andrew Laurence)



The Herald of the Greeks orders Hecuba to say farewell to her Priestess daughter, Cassandra, before she is taken away by force to marry the Greek King (Terry Morgan, Joy Harvey, Marie Ney)

The Theatre

"The Trojan Woman" (Lyric, Hammersmith)

LOOKING about for a topical play, something with an up-to-the-moment theme, the Company of Four have hit upon *The Trojan Woman*. Nobody can say that they have not found what they were seeking. If you feel like brooding on the ugly, disappointing side of a great military victory, Euripides is still your man. Differences there may be between 416 B.C. and A.D. 1945, but they are only superficial and fugitive differences.

The long siege of Troy is over, and the city is a smoking ruin. The conquering soldiers, home-sick and uneasy, are left whistling for a homeward wind. Meanwhile it is their thankless task to enforce the terms of surrender. They have time at last to think, and thoughts of revenge, so sweet in the heat of battle, are long sour thoughts. And the burden of the lost war is borne by captive women and innocent children, who must be humiliated and enslaved or hurled screaming over the battlements. All except Helen, lovely, vain, sensual, frivolous Helen, the cause of it all, whose still potent wiles and cajoleries amidst so much misery throw a sidelight on human weakness and futility.

We Can Sympathize

ASSUREDLY nobody can say that such a play has lost its meaning for us. The sensations of conquered and conquerors are something more than ancient history. We know how the Greek soldiers felt in desolated Troy. We can sympathize with the despair which filled their captives. Without any straining of imagination we can see with the vision of the gods themselves clean through the glory of a great conquest to its seamy hither side. Very well, then: why should the Company of Four having hit upon this eminently topical play, try to "modernize" it? If we are going to have Greek tragedy, for heaven's sake let us have it played with its poetry and in a setting of plain anciancy which raises no bothersome and niggling questions. But that modest requirement is just what the Company of Four resolutely decline to satisfy.

The translation which they use is one which strips the play of its noble poetry and sets the verse moving at a shambling trot. Because the sentiments of these Greek soldiers are sentiments which the soldiers of all ages have

commonly held, the language in which they are expressed must be turned as far as possible into the idiom of Tommy Atkins. "Don't do anything you are likely to regret," Andromache is warned, and her pitiful outburst when she hears that her infant son is to be cast alive over the battlements must do its best to live down to its commonplace lingual surroundings. Only Poseidon and Athena, being divinities, are allowed to wear the clothes of the period.

Bright Compromises

THE soldiers are given modern uniforms which suggest that Russian and German tailors once swapped ideas and evolved a bright compromise, and the Trojan chorus appear in modern peasant garb. Andromache is attired as though for a pre-war Mayfair party and Cassandra, the virgin priestess, would grace an amateur production of *Hamlet*. All this laborious gilding of the pure gold of the play's modernity would be harmless enough if it did not happen to reflect the whole spirit of the undertaking. The Greek classics are never easy to revive, for we cannot with the best will in the world and much learning, see them with the eyes of their original audiences, but they cannot anyhow be made to respond to the sort of realism which so well suits a modern "thriller."

But the evening has one delightful surprise. A new actress, Miss Eileen Herlie, speaks Andromache's two brief scenes with a splendour of indignation and grief that springs golden hopes for her future. I do not think that tragedy is necessarily her fort, but a good tragedienne—and she is certainly that—should have the roots of comedy in her. At all events, she has that quality which instantly commands the stage, and I look forward to seeing her in a better production. Miss Marie Ney is a fine actress, and it is good to welcome her back from the other end of the world, but the producer persists in enveloping her in shadows at moments when it is on the face of Hecuba that we should read the poignancy of other's sufferings. What a relief to turn to Mr. Thornton Wilder's *Happy Journey to Trenton and Camden*—a family jaunt from one American small town to another, a first sketch for *The Skin of Our Teeth*. As Ma Kirby, Miss Joan Young is a joy.

ANTHONY COOKMAN

Photographs by
John Vickers



In the final moment of "The Critic," Mr. Puff is so over-tought that he faints into the arms of his friends Mr. Sneer and Mr. Dangle (George Curzon, Laurence Olivier, George Relph)

A Great Actress of Our Time

Dame Sybil Thorndike

● Dame Sybil Thorndike, whose photograph appears on this page as the Justice's Lady, in the Old Vic production of *The Critic* at the New Theatre, was one of the original members of the Old Vic in the Waterloo Road in 1914. She remained there for four seasons, during which she played nearly all the leading Shakespearian roles, including Lady Macbeth, Portia, Rosalind, Viola, Imogen and Queen Margaret. Since then she has played in almost every type of production and has consolidated her reputation as one of our foremost dramatic actresses. She was made a Dame Commander of the British Empire in June 1931, and her husband, Lewis Casson, was knighted last year. In the present repertory season at the New Theatre, Dame Sybil is also appearing as Jocasta in *Oedipus*, and Mistress Quickly in both parts of *Henry IV.* It was at the New Theatre that she achieved one of her greatest triumphs, in Bernard Shaw's *Saint Joan*, which was written especially for her

Sybil Thorndike as the Justice's Lady in Mr. Puff's Elizabethan drama



JENNIFER WRITES ~

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

Notes in the Margin.Nov. 29th

Gala performance, "Me & My Girl", at the Victoria Palace, in aid of St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, the birthplace of penicillin. Under the patronage of H. M. the Queen. Chairman, Lady Moran.

Nov. 29th

Marriage of Lord William Bessford to Miss R. W. Page, at Grange Con. Col. Wicklow.

Dec. 1st

St. Andrews Day celebrations at Eton. The Wall Game, the Field Game, dance in the evening.

Dec. 2nd

H. M. the King of the Hellenes attends Matinee of The Trojan Women at the Lyric, Hammermith, in aid of the Greek Red Cross.

Dec. 3rd

Bridge Buffet-Souper Dancer & Cabaret in aid of Edith Edwards Children's Home, at Grosvenor House, from 8.30 p.m. Under the patronage of H. R. H. the Princess Royal, Bridge Room chairman, Mrs. Washington Singer.

THE KING ENJOYS A GOOD SHOOT

FOR his first full day's shooting off his own estates this season, the King was the guest of his brother-in-law, the Hon. David Bowes-Lyon, in the Hertfordshire woods of St. Paul's Walden, the English home of the Queen's family. His Majesty is very fond of going there, and the place must have specially agreeable associations for him, as according to the generally accepted story, it was in these grounds that the then Duke of York proposed to, and was accepted by, Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon.

His Majesty does not often get the opportunity of enjoying a carefree day of sport, and this particular one came after a specially crowded week, during which he had held two Investitures, one at the Palace and the other in the City Hall at Cardiff, and spent two energetic days amid enthusiastic crowds in Wales. He had also received more than the normal quota of official visitors at Buckingham Palace. These included two of special importance, the new Dominion-born Governor-General of South Africa, the Rt. Hon. Gideon van Zyl, and his wife, who lunched with their Majesties after he had been sworn in at a Privy Council and kissed hands on his appointment; and Lieut.-General Sir Alan Cunningham, who came to an audience on his appointment as High Commissioner and C.-in-C., Palestine.

THE PRINCESSES AT THE PLAY

PRINCESS ELIZABETH's surprise appearance in the stalls of the Globe Theatre to see Terence Rattigan's comedy *While the Sun Shines*, accompanied by her sister, her lady-in-waiting, the Hon. Mrs. Vicary Gibbs, and two young officers of the Household Cavalry, Lieut. Paget, of the "Blues," and Lieut. C. Petherick, of the Life Guards, roused a lot of interest; but it was, of course, merely the first time the outside public had had an opportunity to see the Princess in her "off-duty" hours, and by no means the first time that she and her sister have been out in the West End with a party of young people, though on nearly all the previous occasions it has been to private dances, and not to theatres, that they have gone.

Like her great-great-grandmother, Queen Victoria, when she was a young woman, Princess Elizabeth is very keen on the theatre, and showed this by going a few nights later to see *Private Lives* with Princess Margaret and a young party.

ROYAL GODMOTHER

PRINCESS ELIZABETH was a godmother to Julian Alexander Hardinge, the infant son of Lieut.-Commander the Hon. George Hardinge and Mrs. Hardinge, when he was christened recently in the village church of Flimwell, in Sussex. Her Royal Highness looked charming in a long coat of lettuce green with the fashionable wide lapels, and an attractive dark-coloured peaked hat trimmed with coq feathers, and wore her diamond badge of the Grenadier Guards. The other godmother was Lady (Anthony) Meyer, who was warmly wrapped in a pink coat over an emerald-green dress, with an emerald-green hat. The godfathers were the Earl of Balfour, Captain Peter Gibbs, Scots Guards, and Lieut.-Commander Rutherford, R.N. After the ceremony, the baby's parents had a small christening party at the home of the baby's great-grandfather, Viscount Goschen, who was present at the ceremony, as was Viscountess Milner, the baby's great-grandmother. Also at the christening were the grandparents, Lord and Lady Hardinge of Penshurst, the Marchioness Curzon, Lt.-Colonel and the Hon. Mrs. Balfour, the Marchioness of Abergavenny, who had come over from Eridge Castle, and Viscountess Hardinge.

ANGLO-EGYPTIAN RECEPTION

LADY COOK stood with the Egyptian Ambassador to receive the guests at the reception given by Sir Thomas Cook, chairman of the Anglo-Egyptian Society, in honour of His Excellency. Guests

continued to arrive for nearly two hours. Many Members of Parliament appeared late, having come straight from the House. The Diplomatic Corps was well represented at the party: the Brazilian Ambassador came with his wife; the Czechoslovakian Ambassador and Mme. Lobkowitz, the Greek Ambassador, the Netherlands Ambassador and Mme. Michaels Van Verduynen, the Soviet Ambassador and Mme. Gusev, the Yugoslav Ambassador and Mme. Leontic, the Iranian Ambassador and Mme. Taqizadeh, were among those I saw in the crowded room. Marie Marchioness of Willington was greeting many friends, and so was Lady Shakespeare, looking gay in a dress and hat of Parma violet, and escorted by Sir Geoffrey. Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, in a hat trimmed with pale-blue ostrich feathers, was meeting many friends and, with her usual kindness, looking after visiting foreign guests. The Hon. William Astor was in earnest conversation with a party of men. Among others at the reception were Sir Ronald Campbell, Sir Robert and Lady Gower, H.E. Fares Srofen, Katherine Lady Headley, Mrs. Ernest Bevin, Sir Clive and Lady Liddell, Mr. Arthur Rank, the Dowager Lady Swaythling, Lord Queenborough, H.E. Ahmed Abboud Pasha, Sheikh Aly Abdel-Kader, M. and Mme. Hashem, Lady Moncreiffe, and Sir Hugh and Lady Lucas-Tooth.

STEEPLECHASING

WINDSOR was the scene of the first meeting to be held under National Hunt Rules near London this season. Once again this enterprising executive had everything in splendid order for the two-day meeting, and racegoers found several innovations to add to their comfort. The racing was interesting both days, and we saw several of the Irish importations competing, two of these proving successful. Mr. Metcalfe's nice young 'chaser, Poor Flame, won the three-miles Brocas 'Chase on the first day, and Lord Bicester's Monk's Mistake the Eton Handicap 'Chase on the second day. Both are likely challengers for the Grand National at Aintree next April. Lord Stalbridge saddled both his good 'chasers, Red April and Red Rower, on the second day. The former, starting an odds-on favourite, won the first race in a convincing way, but Lord Stalbridge failed to bring off the anticipated double when Red Rower, the Gold Cup winner, under the big weight of 12 st. 12 lb., only ran third to Monk's Mistake, conceding 25 lb. to the winner. Lord Bicester, who, like Lord Stalbridge, is a staunch supporter of 'chasing, was there to see his horse win.

AMONG THE SPECTATORS

THERE was the usual big crowd both days. Most of the women were warmly clad in thick tweed or fur coats, and many wore their glastonburys for the first time this year. Lady Sefton, who was accompanied by the Earl of Sefton, had a little muff to keep her hands warm, as well as a fur coat and fur-lined boots. Others there were Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke—the latter, looking lovely in a little red cap with her mink coat, was discussing form with Mr. Jeremy Tree—Sir Robert and Lady Throckmorton, and Major and Mrs. Carlos Clarke came together and watched the racing with Colonel Tony Pepsy. The Hon. Mrs. Henry Tufton was watching the horses with Lady Irwin. Others I saw were Commander and Mrs. Colin Buist, Major and Mrs. Penn Curzon-Howe, Captain Hector and Lady Jean Christie, Mrs. Graeme Whitelaw, who was down from Scotland; Lord Portlanning, Prince Veselode and Princess Romanovsky-Pavlovsky, Mr. Teddy Lambton, back in uniform now the flat-racing season has ended; Major and Mrs. Kenneth Thornton, Major Edward Studd, Major and Mrs. Dennis Russell, Mr. Harry Brown, Lord Grimthorpe, Major and Mrs. Murray Smith, the Maharaja of Rajpipla and Major Dermot Daly. The stage and film worlds were well represented too: Miss Diana Wynyard, with her husband, Mr. Carol Reed, was chatting to Mrs. Harrison, and Miss Doris Vyner was looking very glamorous.



Distinguished naval officers and their wives at the party included Mrs. Grantham, Capt. Grantham, R.N., Capt. and Mrs. Blacklock, and Admiral Sir Algernon Willis, K.C.B., D.S.O., and Lady Willis

Light-Hearted Naval Occasion

The Royal Naval War Libraries' Very Successful Dinner-Dance

Photographs by Swachc



The Marquess and Marchioness of Hartington came together. They were formerly known as Lord and Lady Andrew Cavendish



Attractive young girls present included Miss T. Faulkner and Miss Diana Drummond



Miss R. Cecil, Admiral Troubridge, D.S.O. and bar, and American D.S.M., Miss R. Renner and Mrs. Renner were sitting out between dances when this snapshot was taken

● The Royal Naval War Libraries' Dinner-Dance at the Savoy was a naval occasion of importance and a first-rate party in a first-rate cause, for the Navy still needs as many books as possible, and Mrs. Ivan Colvin, O.B.E., and her voluntary workers supply them. Lord Hartington, who came to the dance with Lady Hartington, is the Duke of Devonshire's only surviving son, and was formerly Lord Andrew Cavendish. It was recently announced that he would be known as the Marquess of Hartington and that his son would bear the title of Earl of Burlington



Lesson-Time for the Nursery



"We Shall Have Music Wherever We Go": A Percussion Band With Nine Players



Peter in a Serious Mood



Miss Kerin With Her Family

A Nursery of Nine

Miss Dorothy Kerin and Her Adopted Family at Chapel House, Ealing



Mary Listens to the "Ticker"

Photographs by
Lenore

Miss Dorothy Kerin, who lives at Ealing in a large, pleasant house overlooking the common, adopted her entire family within the period of one year. The children, who legally bear the name of Kerin, had all been made orphans through the war, and Miss Kerin has brought them up from infancy. They are the most delightful young people, absolutely natural and friendly, and all have an individual charm of their own. There are two pairs of twins; the eldest, Faith and Mary, age five, and John and Francis, two very grown-up young men, are four-and-a-half. Two more four-year-olds are Anne and Elizabeth, and then the age goes down to three, with fair-haired Peter, Priscilla and Philip Wykeham. Miss Kerin feels that because the war bereaved so many children of parents, a home and family life, they should not be made to suffer for it for the rest of their lives. She herself would like to have adopted fifty children, but realises that it would be impossible to give them the real home-life that she has always given hers. A nurse, a nursery-maid and a governess look after them now, but later on she hopes to send the boys to a public school. If ever there was a happy, friendly home it is Chapel House, and anyone who walks over the threshold can feel the spirit of it.



A Time to Dance: Peter, John, Faith, Anne, Mary, Elizabeth and Francis



H.E. the Chilean Ambassador, Señor Don Bianchi, sat next to the Duchess of Palmella



Miss Ellen Wilkinson was the guest of honour, and faced the camera with H.E. the Brazilian Ambassador, Senhor Moniz de Aragao, C.B.E.



Sir Edward Wilshaw, K.C.M.G., chairman and sole managing director of Cable and Wireless, Ltd., sat next to Mme. Sirt

● The Brazilian Ambassador, President of the Anglo-Brazilian Society, received the guests at the lunch at the Dorchester given by the Society in commemoration of Brazil's Republic Day. A feature of the lunch was the briefness of the speeches! The Ambassador started with an excellent and interesting one which lasted about five minutes, and was followed by Miss Ellen Wilkinson, guest of honour, who replied for the Government with another equally short and to the point

Latin-American Diplomats' Party

The Anglo-Brazilian Society's Lunch to Commemorate Brazil's Republic Day



Viscount Davidson sat between Señora Bianchi, who wore an attractive hat trimmed with blue ostrich feathers, and Senhora Moniz de Aragao



H.E. the Portuguese Ambassador, the Duke of Palmella, Lady Cook (wife of the chairman of the Society) and H.E. the Colombian Ambassador, Señor Dr. Don Jaramillo Arango, at lunch



Two former British Ambassadors to Brazil, Sir William Seeds, K.C.M.G., and Sir Hugh Gurney, K.C.M.G., M.V.O., had a good deal to say to each other



The hostess, Lady Cook, with the guest of honour, H.E. the Egyptian Ambassador, Abdel Fattah Amr Pasha

Reception for the Egyptian Ambassador

Lt.-Col. Sir Thomas and Lady Cook
Entertain Diplomats and Politicians



The Hon. Mrs. Donough O'Brien (right) enjoyed an animated talk with Sir Ronald Cross, P.C., and Lady Cross



Senator Mahmoud Abdul Fath, owner of one of Egypt's leading papers, had some conversation with Lady Dalrymple-Champneys



Wives of the Yugoslavian, Chinese and Soviet Ambassadors: Mme. Leontic, Mme. Wellington Koo and Mme. Gusev



Lady Graham-Little, wife of Sir Ernest Graham-Little, one of our most distinguished physicians, with H.E. the Chinese Ambassador

● Lt.-Col. Sir Thomas and Lady Cook recently gave a reception at Claridge's in honour of H.E. the Egyptian Ambassador, President of the Anglo-Egyptian Society. The Corps Diplomatique and the House of Commons were largely represented. The Egyptian Ambassador, who took up his post early this year as Minister, and was later promoted to Ambassador, held the world's squash rackets championship for six years. He was educated at Oxford and regards this country as his second home



H.E. the Soviet Ambassador, M. Gusev, H.E. the Luxemburg Minister, M. A. J. Clasen, and Lt.-Col. Sir Thomas Cook, the host

PRISCILLA in

PARIS "... VIGIL THROUGH THE NIGHT"



Mme. Max Gadala, who is a magnificent horsewoman, is at last able to take up her favourite sport again after her years of brilliant war work driving an ambulance, and organising relief stations



Mlle. Yvonne Regnier is a clever and lovely young singer who comes from the music-hall stage. She has just made a brilliant debut in comedy at the Théâtre Lancy

Voilà!

A certain lovely little dancer from the Folies Montmartre, as simple-minded as she is pretty, proudly boasts that she is of aristocratic Russian descent. Before undergoing a slight operation she was obliged to submit to a blood test. Importantly she warned the doctor: "You must not be surprised, Mama has always told me my blood is blue!" She held out her graceful arm and the incision was made. Into the test-tube trickled the usual red stream. The little lady looked aghast, blushed, and, very near tears, murmured: "I am afraid Mama must have had an affair with Monsieur Stalin!"

November 11th.

DO.A.H. I have rarely seen a more beautiful sight than at the Invalides last night, both in the church, where Masses for the dead were celebrated throughout the evening, and under the Dome, where the coffins of the fifteen Resistance Patriots, shot by the Germans during Occupation, were placed. The tall catafalques, standing in the recesses of the circular gallery above the crypt, were draped with the red, white and blue Tricolor of France, and between each, rigid as statues, soldier, civilian and women relatives of the dead kept vigil through the night. The subdued and filtered flood-lighting, with its beams of silver-white and more mysterious blue, illuminated the scene with almost unreal grandeur that had a strange, dream-like quality, as if it emanated from the sombre majesty of Napoleon's marble tomb, the outline of which one could barely divine in the dark crypt below.

At 'Tenshun

I THOUGHT I had become pretty well hard-boiled during these last five years, but I found myself all lump-in-the-throatish and quite wobbly about the knees. This last, of course, may have been due to the fact that I had the honour of being amongst those of our ambulance unit that stood at 'tenshun for an hour and a quarter during the Mass for the D.P.s, so many of whom we have had the joy of bringing back to France from as far away as Warsaw and Vienna. We were placed in the chancel in full view of the congregation, and couldn't so much as bat an eyelid or scratch a tickle! The third quarter of an hour was the worst; after that one became numb.

Love and duty had also taken some of us that morning to the funeral of a little child at a tiny village not far from Paris, but so hidden from the high road that one had the impression of being in the heart of the country. Such a contrast with the grandeur of the evening! There was the squeaky harmonium that played the same hymns—one of them to the tune of "Should auld acquaintance be forgot . . ."—as did the great organ of the Invalides. The tiny, shock-headed *enfants de chœur*, in their flimsy red gowns and cotton surplices, their hobnails clattering on the stone floor, had nothing of the polished sophistication of the silent-shod acolytes in purple and fine linen at the Invalides. At the Invalides one could hear the responses of the hundreds of mourners and worshippers who, unable to get into the church, stood outside on the *parvis*. In the village church, only a quarter filled by humble mourners, one heard the clacking and quacking from a nearby duck-pond, the barking of dogs and the far-away sound of a cow-bell. . . .

Probably Hush-Hush!

IT was a cold, grey day, oyster-coloured, with a nippy little wind that stripped the trees of their last leaves, but since it was only the first really wintry day we have yet had, we must not complain. In Paris the night was starlit and frosty, and a new finger-thin, crescent moon paled before the silver upthrust of the

projectors, whose luminous beams formed an immense V in the sky. Living on the left bank, I walked home to limber up my stiff muscles, and, taking a short cut at the back of the Invalides, I suddenly found myself in the midst of the biggest police force I have seen in many a day. The *vaches à roulettes*, as the cycling agents are named (but choose your audience when you use the expression; it would not go down at all well in the Faubourg St. Germain), were out in their dozens, while the small, blue, open cars of the flying squad lurked in every shadow and groups of men-in-blue stood under every tree. Why they were there nobody knows, and, apparently, they had no idea themselves, but that, of course, was probably hush-hush! I hope I don't get hit over the head with a hammer or tickled with a sickle one dark night for writing this! I'd hate to be the heroine (or victim, take your choice) of a *fait divers* just now. My civilian trousseau being reduced to its most darned expression—and I'm NOT swearing—I don't know what the morgue attendants would make of me. Our uniform under-pinnings, on the other hand, are just fine, thanks to a spot of loot that one of our teams brought back from Russian-occupied territory the other day. A whole hamper of theatrical stuff. Heavy silk tights à la grand opera or Russian ballet. The lower part, cut off and dyed dark grey, make beautifully warm stockings . . . as for the rest, one runs an elastic round the top and knits on a cuff to fit snugly round each knee *et voilà!* But don't talk to us about khaki bloomers . . . ours are as gay as a Christmas pantomime ought to be! I shall have to watch my step, however, for if ever I fall off it I shall get run in by the M.P. for obstructing the traffic. You see, we drew lots as to who should have which . . . and I won two pairs of a jester's outfit. Quite fitting, if you know what I mean, but particularly coloured. Blue and yellow! Red and green! So I arks yer!!

PRISCILLA.



From "Privileges," Nov. 8th.

"What's the matter with her?"
"She's cutting her teeth!"



“Paris in Copenhagen”

Denmark's Capital Takes
French Nationality—
for a Day!

● Not long ago Copenhagen went all Parisian and transformed itself into a likeness of the French capital, to help 12,000 hungry children in Paris. The Tricolor floated in the northern air, actors from the Comédie Française appeared at the Royal Danish Theatre, other artists played and sang in the streets, French food was served in the restaurants, and Parisian cabaret stars entertained guests. French wines were auctioned, shops sold French merchandise, and Parisian mannequins displayed the latest models from the great dress houses, while along the quay, bookstalls were set up like those on the Rive Gauche, and customers could buy French books and prints, chestnuts and pommes frites. About half a million kronen were raised, and eighteen lorries stuffed with food left for France



Glin Castle, County Limerick, Eire

The Knight of Glin

With His Family and Friends at
Glin Castle, Eire

Photographs by Frank O'Brien, Fermoy

● Glin Castle stands on the banks of the River Shannon and is one of the most beautiful places in Co. Limerick. Desmond Windham Otho Fitzgerald is the twenty-eighth Knight of Glin, which is among the oldest titles in Ireland. He is the son of the late Knight of Glin, who married the late Lady Rachel Wyndham-Quin, second daughter of the fourth Earl of Dunraven. The family have just returned from a two-months stay in Arizona, U.S.A.; they travelled both ways by Clipper, whose Irish port is only nine miles from Glin Castle. While over there Mme. Fitzgerald painted some fine water-colours, and is at present considering holding an exhibition of her work



The Knight of Glin and Mme. Fitzgerald were photographed together in the grounds of Glin Castle. Mme. Fitzgerald is a niece of Lord Wimborne



A group around the sundial included Mme. Fitzgerald, her daughters, Fiola and Rachel, and her son, Desmond John, Lord Inchiquin, his younger daughter, the Hon. Grania O'Brien, Mrs. Wilfred Fitzgerald and Miss Raine McCordugale



...ne, Guépin, wife of the Vice-President of Shell Oil, and her daughters, Felicia and Karina, recently arrived from America and have been visiting her sister, Lady Muir. The child in this picture is Felicia

The Laird of Blair Drummond

Sir Kay Muir, Lady Muir and
Hospital Patients



...fine panelled rooms of Blair Drummond have been transformed into airy wards for the Service-men patients sent there to be nursed back to health



The lovely surroundings and bracing air of Blair Drummond play their part in helping the Service men to regain 100 per cent. fitness at the Auxiliary Hospital and Rehabilitation Centre

● Blair Drummond, Perthshire, Scottish home of Sir Kay Muir, second baronet, and Lady Muir, is an ideal place for an Auxiliary Hospital and Rehabilitation Centre. Lady Muir, the Commandant, is a daughter of the late M. Dmitri Stancioff, K.C.V.O., sometime Bulgarian Minister in London. Shortly after these photographs were taken, Lady Muir left for Switzerland to visit her mother, the Comtesse de Grenaud, who escaped from Bulgaria last February

Photographs by Brodrick Vernon



Lady Muir, châteline of Blair Drummond, is now the Commandant. Since 1940 her Scottish home has been an Auxiliary Hospital and Rehabilitation Centre. She is seen with Sir Kay Muir and Felicia Guépin

On the Road to Stardom

Sally Ann Howes, Talented
Young Actress Daughter of
Bobby Howes

● The daughter of the well-known actor and comedian Bobby Howes, seventeen-year-old Sally Ann, has in the last three years been making a name for herself as a dramatic actress on the screen. She is well on the way to putting her name right at the top of the list of British starlets, and has appeared in four pictures. Her first was *Thursday's Child*, in which she won a starring role out of three hundred other schoolgirl applicants. Her next was *The Half-Way House*; and she has lately been seen in the thriller *Dead of Night*, where she plays the role of a little girl, who unknowingly sees, and speaks, to the ghost of a murdered child. She has just completed *Pink String and Sealing Wax*, and if plans mature, she will appear as Kate in *Nicholas Nickleby*. High-spirited, but quite unspoiled by her success, she lives with her father at their charming country house at Essendon, just outside London. Both father and daughter are keen gardeners, while reading is one of Sally Ann's chief indoor hobbies

Photographs by Pictorial Press

Sally Ann at a Window of Her Father's House at Essendon



Sally Ann is holding her two dogs, Sarah, the spaniel, and Jerry, the Scottie, who look a little camera-shy



At the end of a fireside rehearsal, Sally Ann has an original way of telling her father, Bobby Howes, that they have done enough work for the day

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

By "Sabretache"



The Field in the Cowley Novices' Hurdle Race (Div. II.) Taking the First Hurdle: a Fine Snapshot from Cheltenham

A Valiant Lady

MRS. W. F. INGE, daughter of a former Atherstone Master, Mr. Oakley, wife of another one, her late husband, and herself an Atherstone Master, 1914-20, part of the time with her daughter, the late Miss Inge, is the lady to whom reference is made. Mrs. Inge has just seen her eightieth birthday, and the horse of which she is fondest is rising twenty-one, and both still prefer the front row of the stalls! It is a grand achievement. Mrs. Inge knows this part of Leicestershire like the back of her hand, and every Master who has followed her has had reason to be grateful to the wonderful directing force which radiates from Thorpe. Mrs. Inge has probably forgotten more about the Atherstone country, and how it should be hunted, than anyone else has ever known, and this goes for even Jack Anstruther-Thomson. The admiring felicitations of a friend!

Hunting in "The Hungry Forties"

MANY packs are going. I think every one of them ought to thank its lucky stars that it has not gone. Things are not as they were after the First German War, when they were bad enough, in all conscience. That first contest was fought on the other side of the street; this one has been not merely on our doorstep, but inside our house. The first time we were in the fourth échelon: this time we were not only the Forward Base, but bang in the line. The whole country was, and still is, armour-plated; much of the grass has gone; even a famous London polo ground was ploughed up and put down to corn. Last time, the chaps used to get home on a bit of leave, and some packs of hounds were kept waddling along to provide them with relaxation. Last time, though hounds were put down right, left and centre, there were more or less enough oats for the steeds, no matter how short the hound meal was, or how short the flesh. This time, what would you say? I know what I think upon the disclosed facts, but I would just hate to tell you. Money and hound and horse—and I mean a horse—shortages are not our worst enemies. Money is the second one, mainly because the people, who used to keep an ancient sport going, have now not got any—or, at any rate, not enough to take on a pack of hounds. If you should think that I am too pessimistic, take a good look at these actual figures of a crack four-days-a-week pack in between the two wars: kennels—expenses, £3734 7s. 7d.; stables, £3490 1s. 6d. This is saying nothing about the Wire Fund, which, in this particular country, demanded something like another £2000. To the first two lots of figures must be added the thing called Petty Cash, and they do not include capital outlay on the hunt horses, and, of course, not the Master's private stud. In this country it cost him, by and large, another £10,000 out of his own pocket. In the kennel expense sheet in this hunt, flesh cost £250; sundries, £1291 7s. 6d.; biscuits, £507 10s.; clothes, £280 1s. 6d.; wages, £864 10s. 11d. In the stables

wages were £1155 os. 9d., and sundries £1068 3s. 6d. I have been particularly careful, down to the shillings and pence, just in case of a challenge.

The Provinces

THE figures just given were for a pack of hounds in the Shires; but *pari passu*, it did not come much cheaper in an average three-days-a-week provincial hunt, with nothing like the wear and tear of a big galloping country. Here is what two Joint-Masters got: £3000 to bring hounds to the meet; it cost them another £7000 between them, because the guarantee nothing like covered it. Their subscription was only a £25 minimum; with an extra fiver to the Wire and Poultry Fund for anyone who took a violent part in the fray. War strength of hounds 25 couples, as against 60 couples of hunting hounds in the Leicestershire pack first-named.

And both of them, at each extreme of the scale, were down to rock-bottom for hounds at the end of the last war. In one crack kennel, where they had never bought a hound, they helped themselves to a draft of south country bitches, and a stallion hound from the Cheshire. He was a dog that I always thought as plain as the corner of the street, but he set them on their legs, bred a particularly beautiful bitch pack and a Peterborough Champion dog-hound. Things do not come that way every time. However, as already said, money and hounds are not the principal enemies, but they come second and third in the headaches, because, in spite of the expressed opinion of the Wild Tribes of Bright Young, who adopted the 'chase as a safety-valve for their energies after the last war, hounds are necessary if you want to hunt. It was quite erroneous on the part of these young people to say: "What a lot of fun we could have if it wasn't for the beastly hounds!" Of course, if a gun, poison or a trap are preferred . . . !

Lucky Ones

THERE are still one or two to be found, and the Warwickshire are amongst them, for, thanks to the generosity of a former Joint-Master, the Hon. M. R. Samuel, their financial worries, for this season at any rate, have been greatly eased. Here, as in some other demesnes, "Mr. Committee" (linked with the name of Nickalls) is doing a good job, and in the Quorn "Mr. Committee" is mainly Major P. Cantrell-Hubbersty, than whom you could not find a worse one to beat, and only the bold should try to follow him. Belvoir, Cottesmore, Fernie and Pytchley are manfully keeping the flag flying; but you would be a magician if you could rebuild any pack inside a couple of years. The Beaufort, with His Grace still carrying the horn on one half of the hunting days, have a good many hounds in kennel—to think of Badminton without is just impossible; but to me the surprise of the whole lot is the Meynell, where Captain Maurice Kingscote told me they have "the best entry ever." How he has done it I just do not know.

Northolt?

IF the threat to atomise the Pony Turf Club's "Newmarket" is carried into effect and this most up-to-date racecourse is split up into building lots, not only will it deprive a pretty large public of a quite legitimate easement, but it will inflict much loss upon all those who put their money into it, and hoped to get it back when the present financial stress eased and racing and other Northolt projects became possible once more. If no other site equally, or, perhaps, even better suited for building, were not available in the immediate neighbourhood, no one could have a word to say; but this is not so. Those very modern race-stands at Northolt alone cost £85,000, to say nothing of the Tote buildings and the cost of laying out the course and the maintenance of that same. Next year, if this "atomic bomb" had not been unloaded upon Northolt, it was proposed to have fifty days' racing, three horse shows, construct a People's Park, with swimming-pool, and inaugurate a professional football side, which means, of course, that they meant to have a football ground or two. I understand that the alternative sites available for building purposes are, in fact, cheaper than Northolt racecourse, so why knock out a playground that gives pleasure to so many?

Corned-Up

IT is not a little entertaining to see a warning I sounded in these notes about the Irish horses, and which was scoffed at in one or two quarters, now fathered by these "gents" as though it were their own. The reason why Poor Flame, Monk's Mistake, Prince Blackthorn—and there will be many more—are galloping all over our horses is that they have been on full rations all through the war, whereas ours have been on "bare Navy." Prince Blackthorn must have won at Windsor if his jockey had not fallen off, just because he broke a leather.



"Inside information, sir. . . . Request for Class B. release . . . stable lad, sir"

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

STANDING BY

ROGUERY is certainly flourishing mightily in these islands, as a magistrate has remarked. Equally, it lacks the careless charm it once had everywhere, even in its minor branches. You never find (for example) a D'Assoucy on any high road nowadays.

Even in France few people seem to know Charles Coyseau, Sieur d'Assoucy, musician and composer, one of the most engaging of minor blackguards, who wrote a racketsy memoir of his journey from Paris to Turin in 1655, accompanied by a lute and two rascally pages (ho, hum) in black, named Pierrotin and Valentin. All sorts of troubles came to D'Assoucy and his boy-friends. But he was also lavishly entertained by bored *seigneurs* and princes yawning in their country palaces, and at Lyons he had the luck to fall in with a company of strolling players directed by none other than the (afterwards) great Molière, and had a devil of a jamboree. Railways and the internal combustion-engine have killed all that easy picaresque jollity and dalliance for ever, alas. Strolling players are respectable, harassed persons worrying over rations, lodgings, and train-connections, small rogues are mean and drab and anxious, and as for the big gay rogues, their line ended apparently with Horatio Bottomley.

We wouldn't presume to ask for less crime, because we love and admire lawyers who thrive on it. We would just ask for a bit more of the old-time sparkle in it. Get cracking, thugs.

Armorial

WHAT Herald's College is doing about designing arms for that clot or gaggle of life-peers recently created to get the Government out of holes in the Lords we wouldn't know. Nothing can rattle those pale heraldic boys now, we guess.

Since the flower of England's old nobility perished in the Wars of the Roses the heralds have had plenty of rude shocks and have, a chap in close touch tells us, grown very cynical. Mauve Dragon and Wyvern Rampant grin and whistle at their fell work. The chief herald of the Petite-Caisse, named Unicorn Crochetty, who for over three centuries had to affect not to know what money was (all fees from 1600 to 1900 being collected in an old bassinet by a blindfold servitor in a murrey-coloured dalmatic, crying "*Dex aide!*"), now chases stout red City peers round the office shouting "Cash, please!" and "Hoy, you!" In the Ancestor-Tracing Department the cruel quips fly fast and free. In the Deferred-Payment Mottoes Dept., if they don't like a new customer's face, they give him the choice between "*Allez-ooop!*" and "*Virtute et*



"If any pubs have got beer—'Orace will find it!'"

Industria," which latter gets the wearer into big trouble with the Great Western Railway; as if the heralds cared.

In a word, the boys have gone a trifle sour (this chap says) on the armigerous classes, and who dare blame them?

Chic

STROLLING languidly through the wild uncharted Bush in a pair of old tennis-shoes and carrying nothing but a scent-spray and a bent airgun, which was all the fashion among explorers a few years ago (as some American critic observed), is no longer chic, we perceive from an account of a new expedition to the Brazilian forest hinterlands.

We always thought the Lackadaisical Method wrong, though it showed creditable poise and aplomb. It impressed some cannibals, but not those who had been to a decent school. This type of native thinks it pretty poor form, an Empire-builder was assuring us in a bar. In fact a lot of that macabre nightly drumming in the Bush is one village warning another that the outsider who has just lounged through has no right to that faded Old Harrovian tie.

What cannibals like is a brisk wary high-stepping explorer armed to the teeth, heavily guarded, keeping watches, and generally playing the game. They respect him, and the flesh has a more delicate flavour, too.

Chinoiserie

A CHAP recently listing a few of the Good Old Jokes of All Time forgot the one great classic jape of the Chinese drama, launched by the poet Fah Too Long in a play entitled *The Garden of Ten Thousand Auspicious Tea-Leaves and the Old Goldfish* (4897 B.C.). It involves the comic business—you saw it in a charming Chinese play in the West End quite recently—of getting on and off an imaginary horse, and it never fails to wow the eager public, East and West.

Only once has anyone attempted to improve on this mellow old jest, a student of the Chinese Drama tells us. About 887 B.C. the eminent comedian Hi Flung Pan, having concluded the horse business, advanced and, bowing thrice, made the following speech:

"Distinguished Listeners, I modestly permit myself to paint before your august eyes a scene delicious in high enchantment. Know that it is my intention now, with deliberate cunning and exquisite cruelty, to eat the noble but imaginary horse from

which I have lately dismounted, causing you to swoon with joy. I bow!"

Next day the Peking branch of Our Imaginary Dumb Friends' League went crazy, 50,000 furious spinsters downed fans, seized ink-brushes, picketed the theatre, and urged the Anti-Hypothetical-Blood-Sports Association to reprisals. A leading article in the *Auspicious Daily Times* and *Nosebag of Fifty Thousand Crystal Delights* damned the comedian's action for ever as "un-Chinese." There was hell all round, and Hi Flung Pan had to grovel.

Cake

SOBERLY pursuing its business of handing an annual slice of cake to the World's Best Boy, amid a Utopian scene full of chaps kicking each other in the sweetbreads, the Nobel Peace Prize Committee has this year selected Mr. Cordell Hull, perhaps the only obvious choice.

The Committee has never been newsreel at its pleasingly ironic labours, so far as we know. One pictures it as an assembly of very quiet, trim, mild, earnest, neatly-brushed, pale-blue-eyed Nordics in pince-nez and goloshes sitting round a big table, each gazing dully at a type-written short-list. One sees their sincerely puzzled expressions on descreying, maybe, the name of some Mediterranean or Celtic type at the bottom of the list (the Chairman shamefacedly has to explain that it's a pretty awful year). And fond fancy insists on visualising one piping popeyed member in a long golden beard who brings up the same historic name year after year. "Hr. Professor Søjborg," says the Chairman at length, sighing, "will address us again on his favourite candidate, Hr. Eggjät."

"Agate," pipes Hr. Professor Søjborg mildly. "Agate."

"Tell us again, Hr. Søjborg," cries a romantic member, "about the little eager birds which perch on the bowler hat of the peace-loving Hr. Eggjät, the nightly crowds at the Café Royal pressing to kiss his hand; the tiny swooning actresses, the universal love and admiration which surround this modest, great, pacific personality."

Footnote

So the old moving story is told again, and the Chairman says sadly, after a pause: "Alas, gentlemen! It is a money-prize! He will spurn it!" A husky voice says: "Let us offer him instead the crown of Sweden!" and the Committee passes on to other business.



"Of course, I don't live by this—
I go out scrubbing in the evenings"

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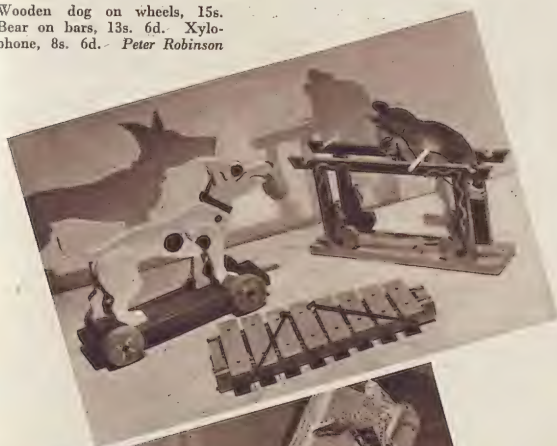


Right:
Chinese table-lamp with beige damask shade, 12½ guineas complete. Debenham and Freebody

SHOPPING NEWSREEL

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Folding leather photo-frames, from 4s. 3d. Leather note-case, 10s. 10d. Perspex cigarette casket, £2 5s. Gorringes



ELIZABETH BOWEN

reviewing

BOOKS

The Steinbeck Touch

JOHAN STEINBECK'S *Cannery Row* (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.) is certainly one of this autumn's striking books. Always, I think, "a Steinbeck" is a sure hit: he is one of those few American novelists who are widely acceptable over here. The English Press notices of his former books appear on the back of the wrapper of *Cannery Row*, and the collective effect of them is impressive. H. G. Wells speaks of him as "a tremendous genius"; and Philip Jordan, who has never yet, he says, called any of his contemporaries a genius, endorses H. G. Wells's opinion—or, rather, says he is glad to find that H. G. Wells endorses his. Richard Church finds Steinbeck to have, as a novelist, the characteristics of the true poet; and the *Manchester Guardian* adds to this that he has something in common with Walt Whitman.

The *Scotsman* considers John Steinbeck "one of the foremost interpreters of life as it is lived in the United States." A new, naïve reader, noting this judgment and then going straight to *Cannery Row*, might form a dizzying and somewhat incorrect impression of the United States—there, apparently, most people live in either discarded boilers or disused drain-pipes; and tea-party life centres round, and feminine influence emanates from, the local house of ill-fame. Bums (our cousins' elegant word for tramps), eccentrics and moronic dream-children dominate society. People knock out each other's front teeth, then follow up with soul-to-soul conversations. . . . A glance through other American fiction, and through those charming, *soigné*s, shiny American magazines, may, subsequently, suggest to the puzzled reader that all this is not always, and universally, so.

I have a suspicion, from time to time, that what I call in my own mind the *lesser* Steinbeck writes to *épater* American women's clubs—whose members, guileless, massaged and cosseted, are depicted by Miss Helen Hokinson in *The New Yorker*. The greater Steinbeck has already produced, in *The Grapes of Wrath*, not only a giant novel, but a lasting indictment of top-dog American civilisation—by showing, by implication, its remorseless, machine-like power to grind "the others" down.

The Others

MR. STEINBECK has thrown in his literary lot with the under-dogs—and, Providence being just, has in no way suffered by so doing. His present *Cannery Row* is a return to his *Of Mice and Men* manner. In *Cannery Row* he has created a Never-Never-Land to be

equalled only by the original—J. M. Barrie's. Here are the Lost Boys, of the Palace Flophouse and Grill; and here is Peter Pan, in the guise of "Doc" of the Western Biological Laboratory. The Wendy role is, I should say, supplied by Dora, the "madame" of the euphemistically-named "Bear Flag Restaurant"; and Mme. Dora's team of hard-worked young ladies provide a positive chorus of Tinkerbells.

What, exactly, and where, is *Cannery Row*? Mr. Steinbeck opens by telling us.

Cannery Row, in Monterey, in California, is a poem, a stink, a grating noise, a quality of light, a tone, a habit, a nostalgia, a dream. Cannery Row is the gathered and scattered, tin and iron and rust and splintered wood, chipped pavement and weedy lots and junk-heaps, sardine canneries of corrugated iron, honky-tonks, restaurants and whore-houses, and little crowded groceries, and laboratories and flop-houses. Its inhabitants are, as the man once said, "whores, pimps, gamblers and sons of bitches," by which he meant Everybody. Had the man looked through another peep-hole he might have said: "Saints and angels and martyrs and holy men," and he would have meant the same thing.

This, neatly and absolutely (for what a superb technician John Steinbeck is!), pitches the mood, and angle, of *Cannery Row*. The prosaic mind—such as mine—is satisfied by obtaining factual details as the story proceeds. The Row is a residential district adjoining Monterey, California's sardine-canning town. The inhabitants, casual labour, put in time while waiting for the sardines—governed, I take it, either by their own ill-starred temperaments or the laws of Nature—to come in. When the sardines do come in, the cannery sirens blow, furnaces roar and everybody employable gets busy. Madame Dora's young ladies stand by, during these rush periods, to cope with what one might politely call the emotional aspects of the end of a day.

Mr. Steinbeck has glamorised Cannery Row's off-time life to an extent that may be either dangerous or soothing. This is decidedly a novel for our frustrating times—why, for instance, fruitlessly house-hunt, when one can live in a boiler, like Mr. and Mrs. Malloy? (Though one infers some few snags in the Malloys' existence: she, tempted by a white sale at a local store, wishes to go in in a big way for lace curtains; but where does one hang lace curtains inside a boiler?) Why worry about the conflict between Income Tax claims and domestic bill-paying when, with a little practice, one can unobtrusively "lift" what one needs from a shop or neighbour? Through all—by the persuasive argument of



"Did you hear that? The fool's going misère!"

this novel—one continues to be a saint, angel, martyr or holy man. That is, provided the heart is good.

Getting Away with It

IN all the *Cannery Row* crowd, the heart is excellent. Everybody will do almost anything for anybody else—combining bilking with soul-union. Lee Chong, the impassive owner of the grocery store, has most nearly two feet on the ground. Mack and the rest of the Palace Flophouse boys—who from time to time bear a close resemblance to the would-be rabbit-owners in *Of Mice and Men*—go specimen-hunting for the Doc, trade bags of live frogs (which subsequently escape and are never seen again) for goods, and wreck the Doc's laboratory in their attempt to throw him a party in his absence. The abortive party is followed up, at the end of *Cannery Row*, by a highly successful one, enjoyed by all, including—at least where I was concerned—the reader.

For, yes—*Cannery Row* is a spell-binder. It—or, rather, Mr. Steinbeck—gets away with everything short of murder: manslaughter, at many moments, seems likely. I cannot deny—in fact, I ought to point out—that from time to time fumes of nauseous sentimentality arise; but one inhales these with hardly more than a gulp. The semi-moron passages of dialogue are just (though not always that) not embarrassing because of their writer's extreme skill. There is funniness, and there is fantastic poetry—such as the Doc's underwater meeting with the lovely drowned girl caught in a Pacific reef. This is, rationally speaking,

(Continued on page 284)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

RE-READING a number of works of fiction, circa 1800, I am not surprised that when the Brontës came along Jane Eyre, Lucy Snow, and especially Catherine Earnshaw, burst like three buzz-bombs in a quiet sanctuary! In spite of beauty, modesty, sensibility, delicacy of feeling and perception, I think, in reality, these earlier heroines must have been so many representatives of the pluperfect *dope*! In fact, if you knocked out the middle-aged characters in the novels of the later-Georgian and early-Victorian eras, your mind would be left swimming in a sea of saccharine. Not, however, that these young women did not have an exciting time; they did. Women always do who see in a male-wink an immediate assault upon their virtue. While what life could be considered dull when to dance once with a peer at an assembly raised your social status in the neighbourhood to immeasurable heights?

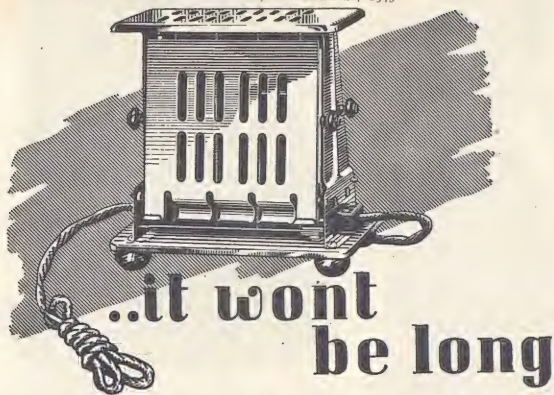
Incidentally, it amused me very much to note that, although a baronet might seduce, a lord always produced the ring! Moreover, the wedding invariably brought forth the most appalling relations on the part of the bride, who on the instant was wafted from the vulgarity of trade or poverty to spend the

rest of her life following her husband about like a dog and doing lots of fancy sewing. Happily for the reader's interest, she had been near-seduced by the baronet at least once, while several times had she near-fainted at kisses which Vulgarly had imprinted on her dewy lips with a resounding smack.

Nevertheless, although history may repeat itself, heroines still remain static. Even to-day, although the chief romantic figure of a film may be a torch singer at a bottle-party; "neck" ever so boldly on the back-seat of any automobile, and exhibit her limbs and lingerie as brazenly as father's pants on the washing-line every Monday morning, we are asked to presume that she eventually reaches the altar virtuously intact. (Sometimes, I wonder if, indeed, we are the cretins whom the film people consider us to be? And, looking around at the expressions of those who sit, watch and ecstatically wonder, I sometimes suspect that undoubtedly we are.)

Nevertheless, I thoroughly recommend these books of classic fiction to those who wish to escape away

from the Present. It is, I have discovered, completely restful to live for a little while with a young woman who, when the name of the peer whom she loves is casually dropped in conversation, jumps as violently as if a buzz-bomb had exploded at the end of the road. One doesn't, of course, believe in her for a moment; but then, lots of things in which we do not actually believe make the quieter moments of life extremely pleasant. Nobody has ever yet felt better for being told that they look ill; nor felt worse when informed their aspect is blooming. So, in regard to these ancient heroines, or, as a matter of fact, the modern ones, we are not taken in by them for an instant; but it is, nevertheless, comforting to pretend to believe that, in the former, so much awareness of one's virtue isn't really a case for psycho-analysis and, in the latter, it is indeed possible, apparently, gaily to cast to the four winds one's moral cake and yet still have it. It's what most of us have been trying to do all our lives, and never quite succeeded yet! Which makes us bitter when the financial crook dies, benisoned by the Press, and the courtesan becomes a countess. Fate, we consider, isn't playing fair!



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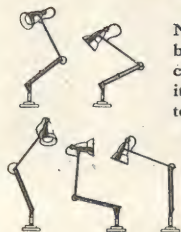
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Two airman V.C.s who were both at the Palace to receive their decorations were G/Capt. Geoffrey Cheshire, of Bomber Command, and W/O. Norman Jackson. G/Capt. Cheshire carried out an experimental test of the new method of low-level target-marking over Munich in April 1940, and made a total of 100 missions in four years. W/O. Jackson climbed out on to a wing of a burning bomber in order to extinguish a fire near a petrol tank while the machine was in the air



Miss Margaret Walker, the Red Cross Commandant of the Red Cross Sales in two world wars, received the C.B.E. for her magnificent work

A Recent Investiture at Buckingham Palace And Some of Those Who Were Decorated by H.M. the King



F/O. J. P. Oliver, of Alnwick, Northumberland, who received the D.F.C. and D.F.M., brought his fiancée with him



Lt. W. Pett, R.N., received the M.B.E. and was photographed outside the Palace gates with his wife after the Investiture



Lt. the Hon. Mark Aubrey Tennyson, D.S.C., R.N., who is the younger son of Lord Tennyson, was with his mother, the Hon. Mrs. James Beck, sister of Lord Glenconner



Brig. John Edmund Leech-Porter, of Milford-on-Sea, Hants., who received the M.B.E., was photographed with his sister, Mrs. Rumble, and his nephew, John Rumble



His wife and young son, who seemed very thrilled with his father's decoration, accompanied S/Ldr. R. H. Smith when he was decorated with the D.F.C.



An Australian and two New Zealanders who were at the Palace together were F/O. R. A. Colville, R.A.A.F., F/Lt. G. F. Bale and W/Cdr. S. Franklin.



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Stories from Everywhere

THE boss called one of his clerks into his private office. "I have noticed, Jones," he began, "that you, of all my clerks, seem to put your whole life and soul into your work. No detail is too small to escape your attention. No hours are too long for you."

Jones glowed with pride and anticipation of the satisfactory promotion and increase in salary which he felt were coming. "And so, Jones," his employer went on, "I am forced, much against my will, to sack you. It is such men as you who go out and start rival establishments."

THE tramp entered the bank in the grand manner. In his hand he held a cheque for sixpence. He approached the cashier and presented the cheque with a flourish.

"Here, my good man," he said loftily, "you will please cash this for me. And, mind you, I haven't all day to wait."

The cashier glanced up. He took the cheque, examined it, then reached into the change drawer.

"How will you have it?" he asked. "Heads or tails?"

THE ringmaster listened in admiration as Pinko the clown addressed the crowd. "Ladies and gentlemen," said Pinko, "the world's most famous politicians, financiers, scientists, and Bill Brown have been invited to this circus to witness our magnificent performance tonight."

The ringmaster looked puzzled.

"That's certainly drawing the crowd, Pinko," he murmured, "but who on earth is Bill Brown?"

"He," said Pinko, "is the chap who has accepted the invitation."

WHILE Calvin Coolidge was Vice-President of the U.S., he and Mrs. Coolidge lived at the Willard Hotel in Washington. One evening a fire alarm brought all the guests to the lobby. Even after the trifling fire was under control, they were detained by the firemen. Mr. Coolidge finally grew impatient and started upstairs, but was halted by the fire-marshall asking: "Who are you?"

"I'm the Vice-President," Coolidge replied.

"All right, go ahead," said the marshal. But Coolidge had gone only a step or two when he was halted a second time. "What are you vice-president of?" the marshal demanded suspiciously.

"I am Vice-President of the United States."

"Then come back down. I thought you were vice-president of the hotel."

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ELIZABETH BOWEN reviewing BOOKS

(Continued from page 280)

a far-fetched story about impossible and anti-social people who have moist, sweet insides like old-fashioned chocolate creams. Mr. Steinbeck successfully parks, on our helpless imaginations, his whole preposterous bag of tricks. And if that is not genius, what is? . . . I should remind readers inspired to set up house inside a disused boiler or drainpipe that this existence absolutely requires Californian sunshine.

The Movies

MOST of us shamelessly take "the movies" as, at the best, a refresher, at the worst, dope. We may not remain so shameless after having read Andrew Buchanan's *The Film and the Future* (George Allen & Unwin, 6s.). Mr. Buchanan points out: (a) the power of the cinema; (b) the present, in the main, misuse of that power; and (c) the possible ways in which the power could be developed for good. His book, he says, is not for the film-maker but for the cinemagoer—indeed, it contains no esoteric technical stuff, though the references to his own technical experiences are interesting.

The film, he suggests, could be the perfect conveyor of, or medium for, international better understanding. The fine silent films of the early twenties were, indeed, already heading in that direction—then, *sound*, with the infinite limitations involved by language, came in. The translatable sub-title (and, indeed, the best films of the end of the silent epoch were already beginning to cut out sub-titles, being able to tell their stories by pictures only) was superseded by cacophonous dialogue: this, to audiences not knowing the language of the film's country or origin, could be nothing but irritating and mystifying jabber. Mr. Buchanan is not proposing to put the clock back: he is all for *sound*, but he does suggest a cutting of some of the (verbal) cackle. He does not recommend, to the different nations who make films, what could only be a dreary, abstract and colourless straining after "internationalism"; he suggests that films *should* be national—that is, pictorially and suggestively descriptive of the particular country's life—in a way capable of being understood by other nations.

I confess that I started reading *Film and the Future* with a slightly alarmed, not to say hostile, feeling that Mr. Buchanan might be about to tilt against the cinema's entertainment value. I can now assure you that he does not do this. His contention, merely, is that the cinema could and should entertain more people in more ways—and with less evanescent after-effects. On the subject of documentary films—their precarious start, their striking wartime achievements and their place in the future—he is excellent. He has notes on the increasing use of the film for educational purposes; and his discussion (including radical criticisms) of news-reels makes one think twice. His most apparently controversial chapter is that entitled "Religion and the Screen."

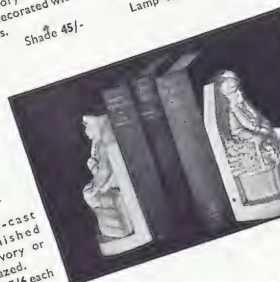


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The 1946 Vauxhall Ten, which is photographed on Dunstable Downs, is due off the assembly lines this month. This post-war Ten will be available in black, maroon, or Florida blue with brown furniture hide upholstery

AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Mournful Mediocrity

AT the now famous dinner given by the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders Sir Stafford Cripps canvassed his usual line of squalor and gloom. Some people are poor, therefore everybody ought to be made poor. Some people can only afford "tough" and rough motor cars, therefore nobody ought to be able to buy any other kinds of motor cars.

The motor trade—if I followed the argument correctly—is intended to assist the Government of Great Britain to get on its feet; but not to assist the people of Great Britain to get in their cars. Purity of purpose and high moral principle shone from Sir Stafford. At any moment I expected to hear him suggest the nationalization of the law and the compulsory fixing of barristers' fees at rates which the poorest could afford.

The Real Aim

THE facts are, of course, as everybody who has really studied the motor industry knows, that the British car maker does not always excel in the tawdry, second-rate *volkswagen*. He is not always good at beating the makers of the cheap and inferior at their own game.

Where he is good is at giving the buyer something rather special at a reasonable, though not always at an exceptionally low price. It would be, in my view (and I have seen motoring grow up) the greatest pity if entirely theoretical and doctrinaire ideas were to be allowed to wreck the motor trade.

Speed the Record

AT a delightful luncheon given by the directors of Gloster Aircraft and of Rolls-Royce to celebrate the establishment of the world's speed record of 606 miles an hour, it was positively stated by Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith that the Meteor could go a good deal faster.

He also pointed out that the November record at Herne Bay was the first in history in which the aircraft had been working under what amounted to "cruising" conditions.

It was particularly good to hear Sir Arthur Sidgreaves weighing up the situation and pointing out that more value could have been had out of the record success had the publicity been better organized. Sir Arthur had some strong points to make and he quoted Sir Henry Royce's famous remark about committees. Sir Henry said that he did not mind how many committees were created, provided one man made the decisions. And the only man to make the decisions in those days in Rolls-Royce Ltd. was Sir Henry. Now it is Sir Arthur Sidgreaves and the measure of his success is the company's record of achievement.

Both the Meteor pilots spoke, Group Captain H. J. Wilson and Mr. Eric Greenwood, and Group Captain Wilson said that he hoped that if it were decided to go for the record again, either in response to a challenge from some other country or in order to improve on our own figures, he would again be selected to have the honour of doing the flying.

Navigation Magic

IT will be a sad day—for some—when the big magic is taken out of air navigation and when any goon will be able to navigate over short or long distances merely by twiddling knobs and watching dials.

That is the promise of the Decca method. I suppose the skilled navigator will be needed for some time yet; but I am sure that eventually he will become as obsolete as the "*chauffeur*" (in the strict sense) or the fireman of an engine.

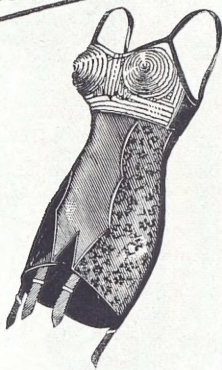
There may be a few posts for skilled navigators, but they will be very few. After the resistance to a new thing—and especially to a new thing that makes it easier to find the way—has been overcome, there will be a general change over to direct, simple, instrumental navigation.

An International Language

Meanwhile what is to be done about flying control? The language difficulty will become serious when international air lines begin to operate on a large scale, yet it is difficult to suggest a good and simple alternative to the spoken word.

There is a case here for the revival of an international language. French was used before basic English had been heard of; and French is an excellent language for the purpose. It is only laziness that makes the Anglo-Saxon suggest English. French is more precise. If the French language and the metric system were standardized in aviation we should be beginning to set the stage for the world air lines of the story books and the strip cartoons.

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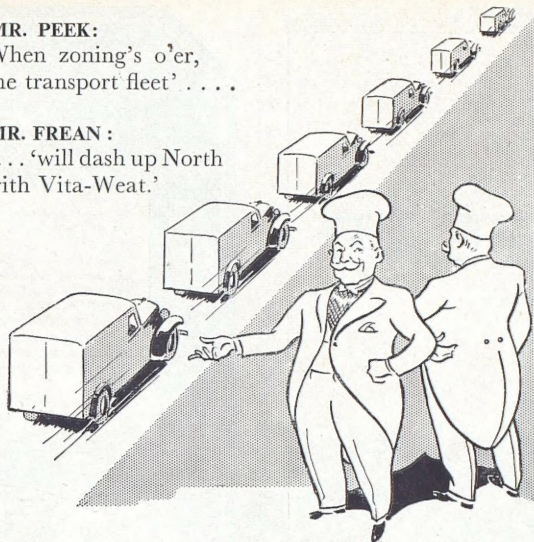
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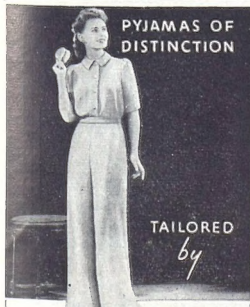
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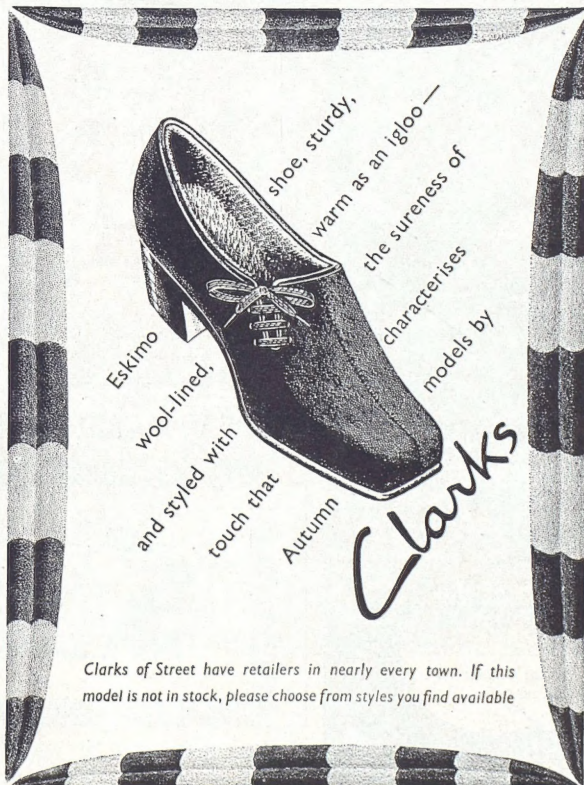
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